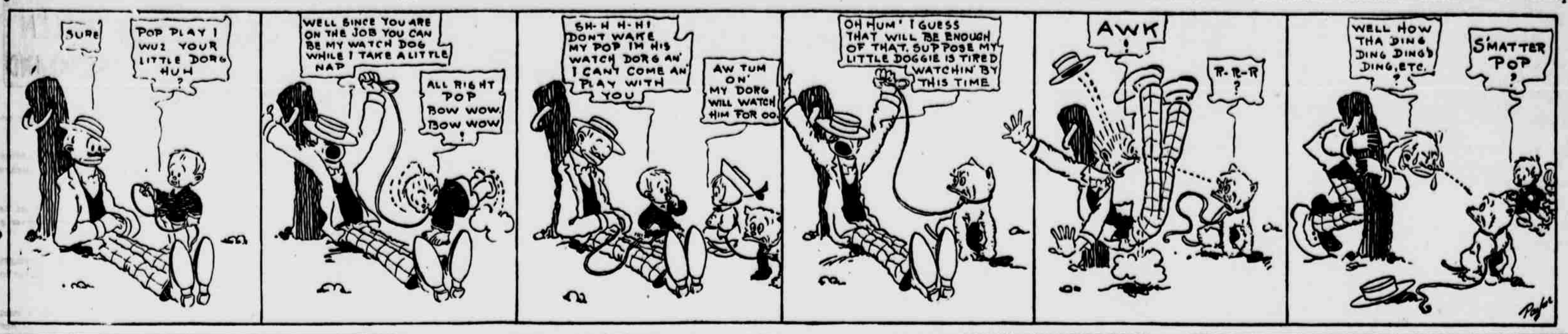
"S'Matter, Pop?"

By C. M. Payne



HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE. BY EVERYBODY.

HENRY FORD refuses to make a will, because he doesn't want anybody to get his money when he dies.

The Hedgeville Editor.

Old Fork says that burglars are a nuisance, but they don't stay long; while distant relatives always remain a week.

Mr. Hess says his wife would be willing to die if she was sure it would make all the neighbors feel sorry.

When Dan Plank gets a present that costs two dollars he appreciates it just twice as much as if it had cost one dollar.

Mr. Derks says that his wife doesn't need a telephone because when the window is open you can hear her voice all over town.

Since it is learned that the story about Miss Pafaun is true, Mrs. Harsh says she is sorry that she ever repeated it.

"Well, Benedick's caught at last."
"By a Central Office man?"
"No. Central Office girl. Married yesterday."

SENATOR JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, whose supply of darky stories seems inexhaustible, tells this new one, according to Lippincott's:

"I was proceeding leisurely along a Georgia road on foot one day, when I met a conveyance drawn by a mule and containing a number of negro field hands. The driver, a darky of about twenty, was endeavoring to induce the mule to increase its speed, when suddenly the animal let fly with his heels and dealt him such a kick on the head that he was stretched on the ground in a twinkling. He lay rubbing his woolly pate, where the mule had kicked him.

"'Is he hurt?' I asked anxiously of an older negro, who had jumped from the conveyance and was standing over the prostrate driver.

"'No, boss,' was the older man's reply; 'dat mule walk kind o' tendah for a day or two, but he ain't hurt.'"

"What is the chief difference between them?"
"One of them has manner and the other hasn't even got manners."

AFTER North Carolina voted to be a "dry" State, its citizens became very suspicious of strangers.

One day a commercial traveller went up to an old negro in a little town in the eastern part of the State and said to him:

"Say, uncle, if you will lead me to some place where I can get a drink, I'll give you $2."

The old darky looked him over carefully, accepted the two plunks, and said, "All right, boss! Jest foller me."

He led the thirsty one through the town, on through the suburbs, into the country, and then started due west, says Judge. After they had traversed about five miles in silence and still nothing in sight, the man asked:

"Look here, Mose! Where are we going after this drink?"

"We's gwine ovah into Kentucky, boss; we can't get nuthin' in dis State."

"What becomes of the children who dig up their garden seeds to see if they are growing?"
"They grow into men and women who start Lovers' Quarrels to see if they really can be made up again."

HERE is a list of prices. Read it. It is not a joke:

One pair of shoes, seven cents.

No High Cost of Living.

One fat roasting chicken, one cent. One sheep, 10 cents. One wagon load of wood, seven cents. One and a quarter yards of woollen cloth, six cents. One round of drinks for ten people, one cent.

Have you read it? It's true. But don't go looking around for those articles at that price. Because you will have to travel far. And along a road that is hard to find. A road that will lead you back 400 years. That scale of prices prevailed in Europe in the Fifteenth Century. And in the next hundred years it doubled; while the scale of wages did not double or come anywhere near doubling.

Still, it is pleasant to know there was once a "Full Market Basket," and that it could be filled to overflowing for the present price of one ice cream soda.

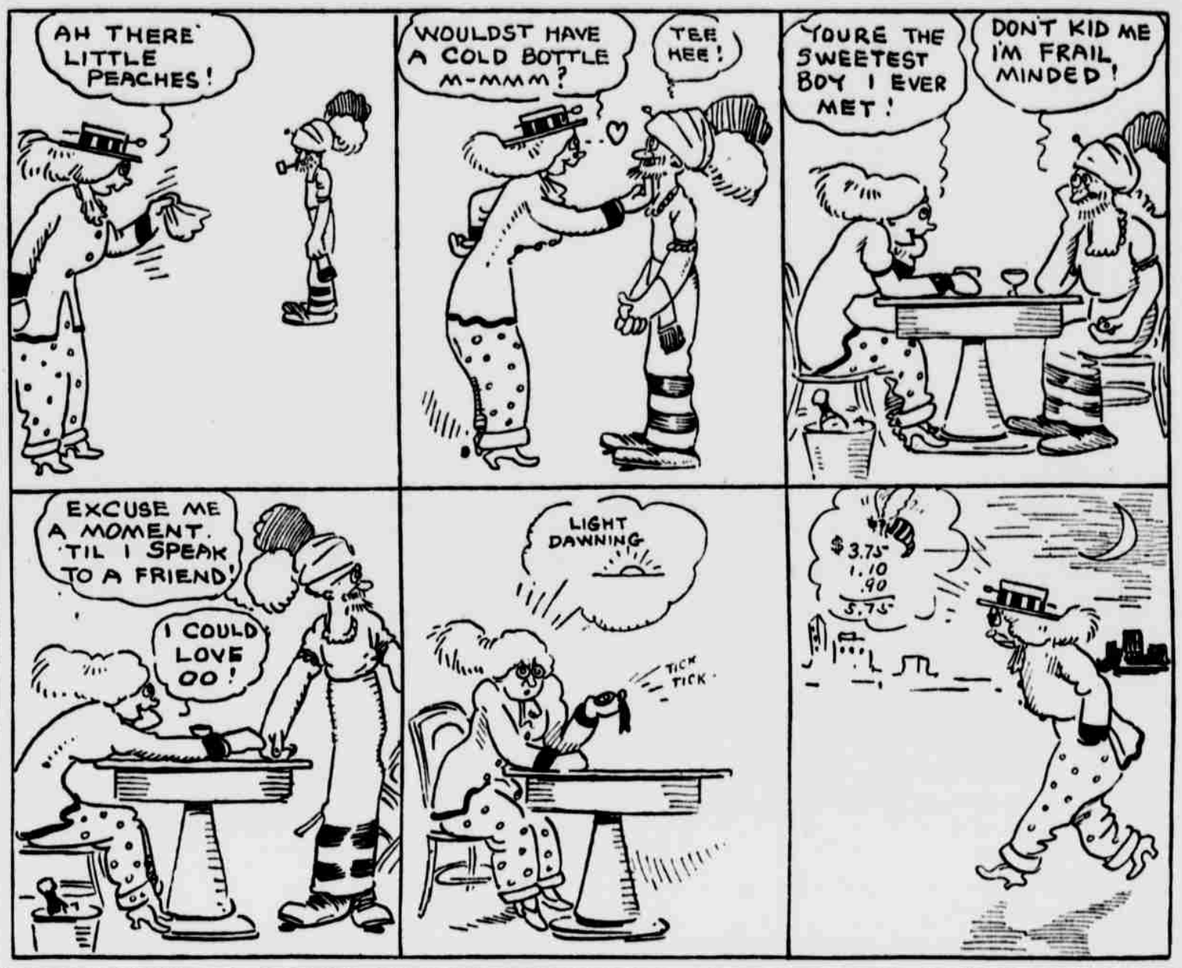
THE VERNACULAR.

"What broke up their happy home?"
"It skidded, and struck a telegraph pole."—Life.

AN ADAGE REVISED.

"He acts like a bull in a china shop."
"Be progressive. Say like a bull moose."—Pittsburgh Post.

∴ Some Day---(Maybe) ∴



Betty Vincent's Advice

When She Loves.

VERY often a girl discovers that she is in love before the object of her affections has made known his own sentiments. What is there for her to do?

Nothing but her historic old job of waiting. Of course she may be nice to the man when he appears—but not too nice. There is no use talking, the average man doesn't value what he can get too easily. The instinct of the chase is still strong within him. A hint of difficulty does more to arouse his ardor than anything else. So you see there is a certain psychological basis for the general prejudice against proposals by women.

A girl in love with a man may be morally certain that he cares for her and just as certain that he doesn't yet know it himself. But it's against the rules of the game for her to enlighten him.

And if she cares and he doesn't care, ever her cue of acquiescent silence remains unchanged.

"B. E." writes: "I wish to remember the birthday of a young man who has been paying me regular attentions. What gift shall I choose?"

A book or a box of home-made candy would be appropriate gifts.

"M. M." writes: "I am in love with a girl, but have not told her so, as I have only met her when she was calling to see friends with whom I live. Should I tell her I love her?"

I think it would be a trifle precipitate. Why not ask her permission first to call on her?

The Long Wait.

"R. F. writes: "A young lady and myself are sure we will never love anyone else, and have agreed to wait five years for each other. Do you think a long engagement or a friendship more proper for the intervening time?"

You are engaged if you have promised to marry each other, no matter how long the date is put off.

"B. S." writes: "If a young lady tells a man she can't see him any more because her mother objects to her coming home late, what should he do? He cares for her very much."

Let him write to the mother and ask if he many not call on the daughter in her home, if there are objections to her going out.

"L. F." writes: "I planned to take my fiancee to a ball, but had to send her ahead with her parents, in a taxi, and join her an hour later. I found that she had not saved a single dance for me, and when I asked her why she angrily threw her engagement ring at me. Shall I try to win her affections again?"

I advise you to leave such an ill-natured young person severely alone.

Not on the Hotel Register

By Alma Woodward.

(Remarks of the Proprietor of the Mountain House. ***THE PRODIGAL.***

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I AIN'T feelin' so well to-day. I got a tech o' sciatics, an' when I git that my spirits ain't topnotch at all. It's funny when yer body's ailin' yer mind ails out o' sympathy.

All the unhappiness thet ever happened to me comes back an' digs the life out o' me, an' I git like th' old cow when you take her calf away frum her.

You say you didn't think I had unhappiness happen to me? Say, y' know us country folk kin hide things, too. I got a hole, a big hole, in my heart—or whatever thet organ is thet makes you sad.

You didn't know I had a boy, did ye? Yes, I got a boy—he'll be twenty-four come this October. A handsome strip he is, with th' figger uv a statesman!

But whatever regilates sin in us mortals is missin' out o' him. He does crooked things, an' th' wust uv it is he don't seem to think they're crooked. He ain't got no feelin' in him what's right an' what's wrong to do. So it reely ain't his fault when he goes astray, is it?

You sure can't find yer way through a thick, strange woods if you ain't got a bend in th' road, or a tall tree or somethin' to help you out, kin you?

An' he ain't got nothin' like thet.

Frum th' time he wuz born, stranger, I don't think I never had a minute's thought o' myself. I wuz busy all th' time plannin' fer him, and when I seen him grow up straight an' perfect in health, 'stead o' bein' weak an' rickety like sum children, I thanked the lucky stars thet give him everythin' good to work with.

He never took to farmin'. You'd 'a' thought he wuz city bred. The wife wuz proud o' that—but I wa'n't. A farm lad ain't got no business with city conduc'. So I tried to break it out o' him. Then he got mad an' he done things to try an' git away.

He stole. It wa'n't much. I covered it and didn't tell Mother. An' he went 'round just as whistlin' as if nothin' had happened at all. An' after that it wuz one thing an' then another. Sometimes jus' pesky little things, an' then ag'in real big ones.

So I sent him away down to a big town. I thought thet mebbe down there he'd find his own level an' straighten out. But he ain't. I don't think it's any use trying to straighten a twisted twig.

None uv th' folks 'round here knows. None uv 'em ever goes down to th' city, an' they ain't set eyes on him fer pretty near five year. But I know an' I keep it frum 'em.

An' frum tellin' such whoppers 'bout his success an' his chances to be, mabbe, Guv'ner uv New York State some day sometimes I git to believin' it myself, an' then I'm proud an' I kin pitch hay them days to beat th' band!

But when th' sciatics comes along, the real truth is brung with it, an' I see thet a boy uv mine has turned out a no-good! Thet MY flesh an' bone is twisted into a human bein' thet th' world'd be better 'thout! An' it seems like I got more weight 'n I kin tote 'round with me on them days!

Y' see that's the reason I ain't feelin' so good to-day. Th' sciatics has brung th' truth with it, an' it aches some! So you better traipse along an' leave me 'lone.

Sum uv th' neighbors 'll be showin' up pretty soon to ask ain't I heard frum Bill, an' what I'll tell 'em 'll give me courage to perk up. So come back a little later on an' I'll be ready to tell you somethin' comical.

The Day's Good Stories

He Knew His Business.

THE elderly woman was walking along with a young woman, evidently her daughter, and a young man. A newsboy persistently asked the young man to buy a paper.

"G'wan and buy one. I want to sell out and get home to my mate! She's by herself." The boy hung on until he was dismissed by a peculiar mod. Then he approached the elderly woman.

"You buy one," he said.

"No, I can't read," said the woman, with a smile. "I'm a German."

Then the young man was approached again. "You kin read. Go ahead and buy one. You kin read it to her."

"No; my eyes are bad. I can't see very well."

But the newsboy was determined to make a sale. "Well, buy one for your girl," indicating the younger woman. "She's got pretty eyes!" Needless to say, he made the sale.—Indianapolis News.

Tact.

MRS. SMITH and her little daughter Margaret, aged two, were spending the summer at the lake. The mother often spoke of the excellent quality of the milk she fed the child. While out walking with little Margaret one day Mrs. Smith happened to meet the wife of the farmer who supplied the superior milk.

"What do you say, Margaret, to the lady for bringing you such nice milk?" prompted Mrs. Smith.

"How's the cow?" asked Margaret politely.—Women's Home Companion.

Useful Invention.

A YORKSHIRE farmer was paid by check for some cattle he had sold. It was the first time that it had ever happened.

"What's this?" he said.

"Why, money for the beasts," said the cattle dealer.

The farmer stared and had to be assured that if he took it to the bank they would give him gold for it.

"Well," said he, "A'll try, but if it's a wrong 'un there'll hear about it."

The check was cashed, of course, and the farmer went home happy, but he could not sleep. He had seen a wonderful thing, and it had excited him. As soon as day broke he made for the cattle dealer's house and woke the dealer.

"It's me," he said. "Where's the gat thim bits of paper from? As cud do wi' half a dozen myself!"—Washington Star.

Dignity of a Free Press.

IN one of his speechmaking tours Attorney General Wickersham stopped in a small Western city, and in the course of his stay was standing on the street corner talking to a lawyer. There walked past the couple a man who wore the bandages and bruises which indicate the activity of the human fist.

"My!" exclaimed Wickersham. "That fellow's been beaten up."

"Yes," said the lawyer, without concern. "He's the editor of a scandalous paper that's printed here. He writes stuff abusing prominent men and women."

"Who beat him up?" asked Wickersham, greatly interested.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the other. "His paper comes out every Tuesday evening and he looks that way every Wednesday morning."—The Popular Magazine.

The Triangle Cupid

By Charles Alden Seltzer

(Author of "The Two-Gun Man")

An Adventure Romance of the Big West

(Copyright, 1912, by the Outing Publishing Co.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS.

Harlan, a cowpuncher, rides up to the apparently deserted house of the "Two Bar L" ranch. While he is wondering if everybody in the place is dead Mary Taggart, daughter of the ranch's manager, appears in the doorway. She is young and beautiful. Harlan is at once attracted to her. Yet he speaks in an ironic vein and she replies in kind. Then she turns on her heel and leaves him. Harlan ties his horse and enters the house, uninvited. He tells Taggart he has been sent there by Polhedge, owner of the ranch. Taggart understands that Harlan (who is a gunfighter) is to get rid of Higgins, a nearby "nester." Mary rides to the Higgins shack with a warning. The "nester's" wife begs her husband to avoid trouble by going away. Higgins sturdily refuses, saying he has a legal right to his home and that he will stay where he is. Returning to the "Two Bar L" ranch Mary overtakes Harlan, who has been spying upon her and who knows why she went to see Higgins. Mary berates Harlan, calling him a "hired assassin" and saying the world would be better off without him. He hints, in reply, that he loves her.

CHAPTER VII.

(Continued.)

The Reformation of "Two-Gun" Harlan.

THEN she spurred her pony forward upon the last mile of her journey. When she reached a bend in the trail she took a swift, backward glance. He was still sitting on his pony in the centre of the trail—watching her.

For two weeks—while Harlan haunted the river trail—Miss Taggart kept close to the ranchhouse. The outfit had returned from the Ute range; the wagons stood empty and forlorn in the corral yard—of no more use until the next trip out, except to an occasional eccentric puncher, who, for diversion, would throw his blankets in one and curl up comfortably for a night. From the blacksmith shop came the constant ringing of the anvil; the repair shed was the scene of much activity; the corral reeked with the mire and dust of many yearlings—brought in for branding. Overalled punchers loafed from the ranchhouse to the bunkhouse—sinewy, capable men, who greeted her with polite words and embarrassed grins, addressing her always as "Miss Mary."

She heard from her father that Harlan was doing some work—to keep up appearances and ward off suspicion. The men did not take to him, said Taggart; they cleverly kept him outside their intimate councils. Some of them knew him; his reputation became a bar that effectually prevented him from attaining the bunkhouse fellowship.

Miss Taggart caught glimpses of him sometimes. She saw him one day repairing a saddle—sitting on an empty nail keg beside the bunkhouse; and one day from behind the lace curtain of a window in the best room she watched him roping in the corral. Once, when she had walked down to the river in the cool of the evening, she saw him coming toward her, and she hurried her steps to avoid meeting him. But he had caught up to her near the house. In the swift glance she had taken at him she had seen that his face was grave.

"You didn't need to run," he said; "I don't want to hurt you."

She threw her chin out, standing erect and defiant. "I'm not afraid of you!" she declared spiritedly. "If I was a man there wouldn't be room enough at the Two Bar L for you!"

"I'm glad the men around here ain't got your grit," he said.

She saw him smile, and with head well back she started to pass him. But he stepped in front of her, barring the way.

"There's a thing I've wanted to say to you," he said, his eyes glinting earnestly in the dusk.

She stopped short, her eyes meeting his.

"It's this," he continued gravely; "I ain't never hurt any one so they've died from it. I always aim"——

But she was on her way toward the house, and he finished—if he did finish—to the dusk and the silence. Once on the porch she turned and looked back, and her mocking laugh reached him, standing there with the shadows of the night around him. A few minutes later he walked slowly toward the house, his head bowed thoughtfully. He did not see the lace curtain of the window in the best room moving strangely.

Once inside the house Miss Taggart's face grew grave. That mocking laugh had been only a sham. She had realized his earnestness; there was promise in it of deep, serious feeling. Only let him show the slightest trace of weakness in his determination to do this thing that had brought him to the Two Bar L, and she would press him to a complete surrender. She thought she had detected such a sign in him that night. Why had he taken the trouble to tell her that he had "never hurt any one so's they've died from it?"

In the two weeks that he had been at the Two Bar L he had had ample time to devote his thoughts to the business that had brought him; he had also had time to think of the things she had said to him that day on the wood plateau when she had overtaken him returning from Higgins's cabin. If this speech that night had come as a result of that meeting and the tirade she had delivered against him she felt that she had been making some progress.

She had no thought of the danger to herself; a woman invites trouble when she deliberately sets about the task of guiding a man's emotions, of shaping his conduct so that his actions will reflect her will. And Harlan was a man grown. In spite of his questionable profession he was no fool, and in appearance he was a man upon whom any woman would look with favor. When she thought of his earnestness in telling her that he had killed no man, she could not help but see that he had told her that to keep her from judging him too harshly. To what end? She knew that, too.

Woman cannot blind herself to man's admiration. Nor—whether or not she reciprocates—can she successfully resist some little emotion of satisfaction. Harlan was a gunfighter—a bad man in the accepted term—but he was likewise a figure which, once seen by a woman, stood boldly out in the memory. Therefore, when Miss Taggart sought her bed on the night of this meeting her interest in his words kept his face prominently in her thoughts.

The next morning, when she was removing a soiled towel from the roller and replacing it with a fresh one, she became aware of some one standing beside the porch. She turned quickly to face Harlan.

"I've come to say that I'm goin' over on the Cimarron with the outfit," he said.

She had turned her back to him. For a moment she stood thus, making a pretense of adjusting the towel. Then she swung around, looking at him with slight mockery in her eyes.

"How very good of you," she taunted. He smiled—disregarding the gibe. "My stayin' here has stopped your rides over to Higgins's place," he said. "I don't want you to keep in the house on my account."

"Do you think I have?" she returned, her lips settling into firm lines.

"I've heard the boys talkin'," he said. "They say you've been ridin' over there two or three times a week. They've thought it was curious that you didn't ride any more."

"And so you're going away so that they won't think you are responsible for my staying at home. I thought they said you were a brave man?"

She saw the lines of his face suddenly harden, his eyes glinted with the cold expression that she had seen in them on the day he had ridden up to the porch and she had slurred him.

"I ain't afraid of nothin'," he said, without boast. "There ain't any hurry about my work."

She saw a trace of the old irony in his eyes and her own flashed with a sudden, overpowering repugnance.

"I am not your keeper!" she shot back at him. "I haven't any interest in you or your work, beyond the sole wish that when you go you may never return to the Two Bar L!"

He stood at the edge of the porch, surprised into a grave silence, while the screen door opened and slammed viciously—as it had slammed at the end of their first meeting two weeks before.

(To Be Continued)